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Tempest

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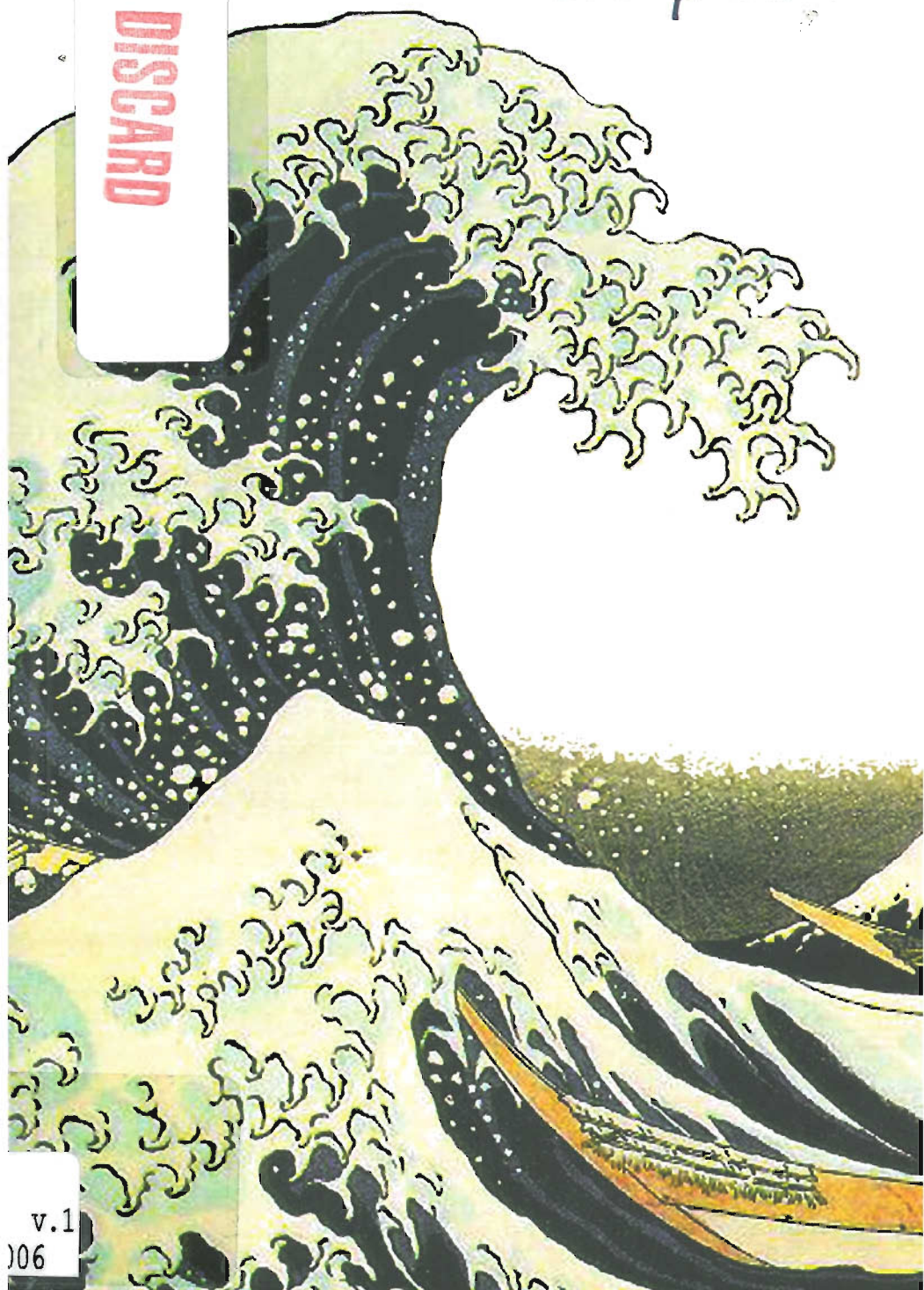
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Tempest

DISCARD



Editor

Rena Behar

Junior Editor

Allie Calvar

Art Editor

Carly Cowan

Advisor

Linda Winrow

TEMPEST

Spring 2006

Volume XIII

Readers

Jonathan Abramson

Diane Agapito

Amie Baumwell

Alison Behar

Alex Edelsburg

Amanda Eiber

Renee Goldman

Jamie Goldstein

Jamie Greenfield

Eduardo Hariton

Ross Karp

Gillian Mayersohn

Drew Orvieto

Katie Packer

Rayni Rabinovitz

Nicholas Rakowski

Elana Schulman

Ryan Sevel

Skyler Shatkin

Jessica Shiekman

Dana Somerstein

Sabrina Yeung

And so the redheaded stepchild publication breathes once more with lucky Volume 13. My immense gratitude to everyone who helped bring about its existence, from all of the contributors to those who tolerated all my flailing, and, of course, Mrs. Winrow and her endless support through every obstacle. Even with all the madness and chaos, I couldn't have done it without you.

Editor, Rena Behar, 2006

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The literary magazine will consider for publication all original works submitted by current University School high school students. Entries are read anonymously and scored by the magazine staff and English Honor Society members. Pieces are selected for publication based on score, variety, and space. Because of these constraints, not every piece can be published. All opinions and ideas expressed in this magazine are solely those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the magazine staff, faculty, or administration of University School.

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In loving memory of Coach Michael Rose.

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The Red Tide

Ross Karp

The reef is alive.

Each polyp bleeds like an open wound
Spitting a font of crimson seeds
That take to the tide
And ride
With deadly speed
To the gills of the fish in the ocean!

The red cloud passes over
Like the shadow of a shark swimming at the apex
Leaving behind a wave
Like a grave
Filled with choking fish lying
Ruby and white
Their poisoned fins supplicating the scarlet sunset!

Alive! The tide is alive!
It is filled with veins, filled rushing with the color
of death.
Russet marauders blooming like a burning firework,
Each spark joining the school of pestilence
Spreading
Farther and deeper, a net of sinew
Sickness, expanding towards the water.

It bursts and blurts, spreading against the shore!

One

Cassie Spangler

There is only one.
One single thread,
woven delicately in some places,
tangled stubbornly in others.
Its color ever-changing,
lighter in the lighter times,
and darker in the dark.
Its path, wild and *ad hoc*,
dancing through harmony,
drudging through dissonance,
but everywhere it moves,
it does so with purpose.
Abiding by reason.
Exploring the truth.
This single thread
knitted with your grandmother,
flew a kite with your child,
held together the stitches
of your father's favorite socks.
It has strolled through the local market,
skipped down the faded avenues,
inadvertently invaded your home,
flown over the great green oceans,
and glided gracefully
over snow-capped mountains.
This thread has seen it all.
Masqueraded with kings and queens of Spain,
shared taxis with New York's finest,
laced the shoes of schoolboys in France,
and marked the books of England's most excellent
scholars.

Likewise, it has held together tourniquets
of wounded soldiers from all sides of the wars
and wiped the tear-soaked faces
of starving families.
It has wrapped itself around the hands
of all peoples.
Regardless of trivialities,
nationality, gender, creed.
In spite of adversity,
fear, differences, hate.
In the face of all that is true,
life, reason, unity.
It lives.
It breathes.
It moves.
And consequently,
it will continue to do so.
Why? Because...
There is only one.



Mechanical Alice

Samantha La Rocco

Alice sits upright at the dinner table,
Her perma-smile plastered on her face
Her armor against Dad's critical gaze.
Her shield, her visible invisibility.

Her unseeing eyes locked straight ahead
Perfect posture for a perfect daughter.
"How was your day?"
"Fine," says mechanical Alice.

Don't frown Alice,
Don't cry Alice,
Don't scream Alice,
No one likes a difficult girl.

She leaves the table,
Wanting a little more,
Good girls leave the food
For the men.

With morning comes the school bus,
She takes her seat, quickly filling her ears with
Screaming guitars and pained voices
Before the taunts and laughter
Fill them first.

Don't speak Alice,
Don't take notice Alice,
Don't scowl Alice,
No one needs an emotional girl.

She drags her feet to her desk,
Her stomach plunges.
A cold, unforgiving white paper awaits
Marred only by bold red reminders
Of all she's done wrong.

Hours pass and she's home again,
But the black hole of dread still tugs
Tearing at her insides
As she shows Dad her red mistakes.

Aggressive hands and blazing eyes.
Accusations. Disappointment.
All that's left are the white pieces,
Fluttering slowly to the faded carpet,
As Dad destroys it all.

Behave Alice,
Grin and bear it Alice,
Bite your tongue Alice,
Everyone wants a silent girl.

Honor

Isabella Proia

Honor.

It seeps down through the ranks of society.

It is instilled in us from an early age,

Yet do we truly understand its meaning?

A young man protects his mother's honor.

A young man protects his sister's honor.

A young man honors his country.

A young man honors his family.

Yet sometimes the young man is led astray by honor.

He cannot always distinguish

Between honor and righteousness.

What is honorable may not be right.

And what is right may not be honorable.

Difficult situations arise.

Freedoms are jeopardized.

The young man learned honor

From his father

From his mother

From his religion.

He hears the word spoken often.

Wonders if those who speak of it

Truly know what it means.

He has served his country in war.

He has served his family in peace.

The true meaning of honor

Comes only to those who abide by it.

A Question of Gravity

Renee Goldman

Does man in his clean coat
Simply ask or really scrutinize?
All the falling fruits and microscopes
Fail to justify human actions.

Our shame scarcely conceals a decaying past,
Hidden just inches beneath our feet.
How dare we bury our inquiries,
And forgo the right to question?

When a worm seeks refuge in an apple
He does not wonder why.
He simply sees the smear and then
Splat –
And his home is shattered.

So man can calculate and theorize
Until he, too, observes that
Foreboding little smudge and then
Boom –
And his world is eradicated.

More: An Exercise In Enjambment

Skyler Shatkin

More than I want you,
I want you to want me
more
than I want you.

Más: Un ejercicio en encabalgamiento

[Spanish translation]

Más que te quiero
Quiero que me quieras
más
que te quiero.



Dangerous Love
Victoria Perdomo

At first glance she appears calm
Peaceful, heavenly and yet humble and earthy.
The sound of her voice draws us in
We run to embrace her
Take her in
Hold her
Love her
Be with her
Yet in a second
She becomes cold, dark
She pulls us in deeper
And then she begins to howl and shriek
Salty spray blows back into our faces
We fight to stand up
Paddling till our arms burn
Fire trickles up from our wrists
Through our arms
Up our shoulders
Down our backs
And stops in our feet.
We wait for her to break just perfectly
She starts to crest
We find our bearings and begin
Begin the greatest descent of our lives

Sliding down her face and cutting across her
And in the blink of an eye
She becomes calm again
Serene, peaceful, content
As we glide back to the golden coast.
Of course there are times
Times when she crushes us
Hurts us, terrifies us
And maybe,
Unfortunately too many times,
Kills us
But not today
Today she is calm and loving
She is our mother
Our safe haven
The place we love more than anything
Her crystal clear blue waves
The smell of salt
Sun shining down on us
Warming our already-good moods
We see her and feel her love
A treacherous love
A dangerous love
A love that only those of the ocean will ever know
And will ever understand
The ocean

Too Late

Jamie Fertig

Go to school
Get a job
Get a life
Is it too late?

Be like them?
Why?
I'll be me.

Fall into line
Conform
Improve yourself
Is it too late?

Will this make me happy?
When?
Feels like never.

Never change
Just exist
Then you die
Is it too late?

Is it too late?
Can I do it?
It's never too late.

The Clone

Sarah Moore

You change yourself to be liked.
To be considered cool.
To fit in.

You change your hair,
The clothes you wear
And the way you talk,
Just to be part of them.

You listen to their music.
Follow their rules.
Talk badly about people behind their backs for a
laugh.

Why?

Because you want to be noticed.
You want to be accepted.

You're tired of feeling alone and worthless,
That nobody cares or understands you.
Life is lonely with nobody to share it with.

You just want acceptance.

Another clone is better.
Another replica of the group.
Just another model without substance.
Being fake and molding yourself to something
you're not,
That's better than not being accepted.

Isn't it?



Haiku in G Minor

Katie Packer

Fall waterfall, fall
Gently against the hard rocks –
Nature becomes one.

Monkeys play in trees;
Animals that frolic free.
Undisturbed, untouched.

Cow chows on wet grass,
Caterpillar chews on greens –
Big and small alike.

Peaceful is the land
But a storm's a' brewin' strong;
Where could Noah be?

Cow stops his chewing.
Caterpillar freezes still.
Waterfall crashes.

All has disappeared.
Quiet, eerie, no sound heard,
All has disappeared.

Perfection

Amie Baumwell

It is prized and held to be of greatest importance by
most,

Yet it is most ambiguous in nature.

Everyone strives for perfection,

Whether it be consciously or subconsciously.

We all have our own unique perceptions of it,

Incongruous to the theory that it is the natural flaws

That make man beautiful.

Some might refer to it as the ultimate

As perfection is as holy to us as any greater being.

We are tantalizingly close to reaching it,

The peak of the highest mountain we will ever
climb,

Yet we are still so far away.

To achieve the ethereal bliss known only to those
ideal souls

We must reach our own expectations

However unreachable they may be.

“Reach for the stars!” we are taught

And we foolishly stand there, grasping at thin air

Because our arms are too short

And the stars are just too far away.

Perfection is an abstract concept,

One that can never be realized and can never be
concrete.

Make what you will of it.

Be Not Proud, Dear Adam

Nick Rakowski

Travel, travel; serpent, do not merely
Stop for my health, my blindness.
I have seen you, your minions squawking
With grins bearing homage to your doorstep.

Bear my burnt cross upon your back, an
Onus that trivially mocks you.

Watch the light that dances musically on
Your window, giving prudence to your sin;
Lie to me, oh make me worthy of this kiss,
This reciprocity that belies your recalcitrance.

Remove the flower from your lapel,
Show yourself! Do not wait;
His grandiosity watches from above,
Amalgamating fictitious verses for your proselytes.

Feel the incoherence of your God, it
Brings the fear of fainting to your new
Idea of superiority in ignorance;

Oh receive it, and slither, fiend

Cephalopod

Ross Karp

Gaze down, dear boy, through the murky depths
Where creatures lash and rip
And two by two the tendrils cling
To Noah's spindly ship

For deep below the creak of rot,
The tentacles do spin
To gather vile little bugs
That nip that drunkard's skin.

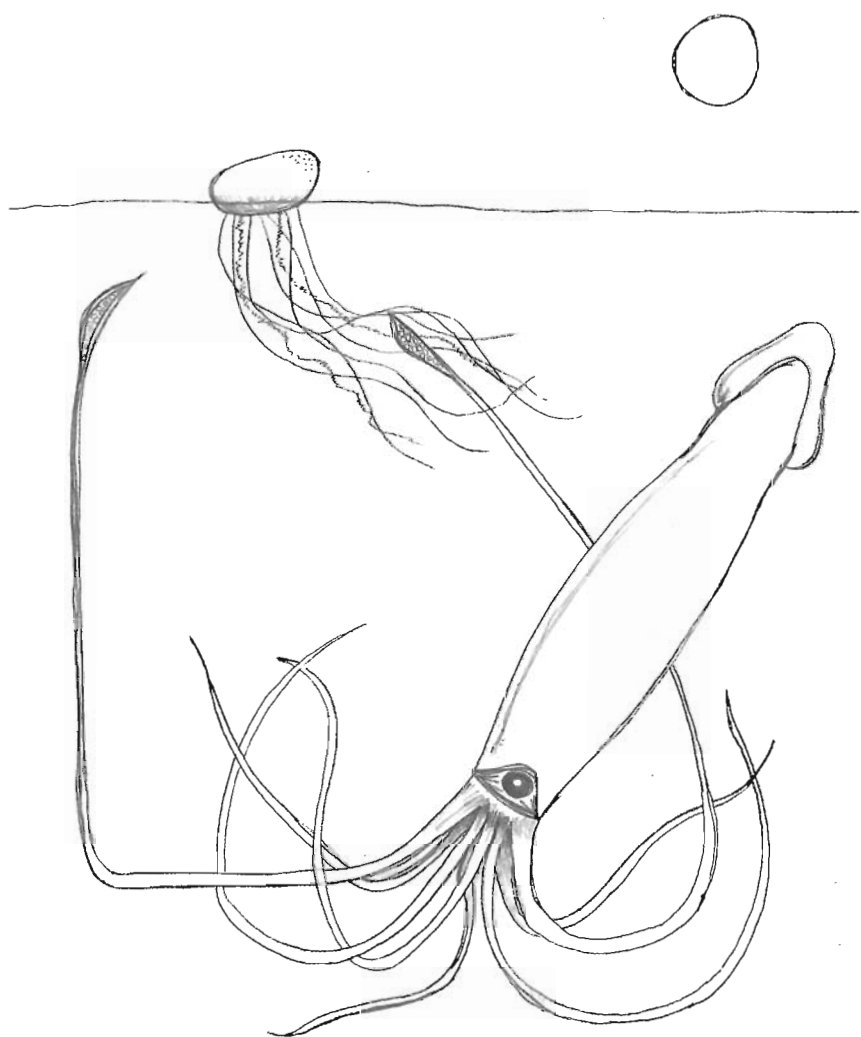
A kraken, born of clay and pink,
Sings songs of silent lore
He counts on suction cups and sand
The forty days and more.

His liquid eye withholds the salt
Of tears for those entitled
To sit upon that blessed barge,
For he was not invited.

That eye! What sorrow it has seen
And silently passed by,
Ten centuries of grief and sin:
This beast will never die.

An ancient god to fish and shrimp,
He was denied admission
By He who guided Noah's count,
And wants no competition.

And so he slips etern'ly past
Through current, reef, and foam,
Past Adam and Apocalypse,
A soul without a home.



Flowing

“Taylor Robinson

Life is moving, flowing like a river.
I feel as if I were standing on the shore,
Watching the river move on without me,
While I wait for someone to save me.

Yet no one comes and no one ever will;
Unless I move myself;
Until I wade into the water,
Into life, into feeling and emotion.

The boat is on the river,
My way is coming fast,
And I am deathly afraid
I'll miss it as it comes.

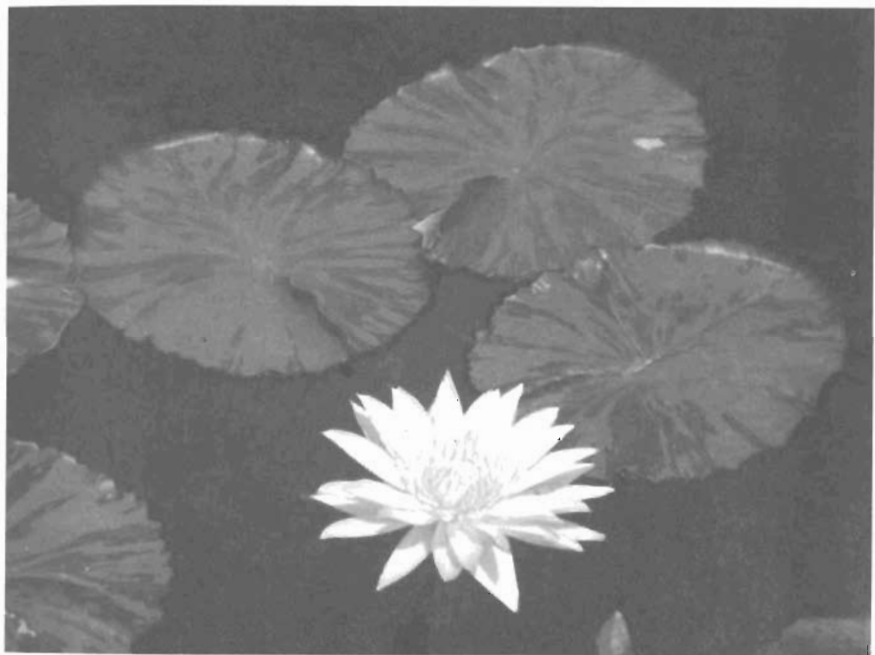
I know that I am not prepared.
All around me others stand ready to depart
Upon the vessel to salvation
But I am not ready, as I once was.

A child, yes, a child:
He knows his boat; he knows his time.
Perhaps, he knows his destination.
Perhaps he knows the reason for the journey.

And how could he not know?
Had not the captain given him passage long ago?
Given him his ticket to the boat
Long ago, on the shores of the river?

I had a ticket when I came.
I knew my passage and my destination.
But somewhere lying on the shore,
I lost it.

And I can remember no more, I cannot see,
What it showed; my destination and time,
And I am deathly afraid.
Life is moving, flowing like a river.



Hope

Brandon Daniel

Hope.

What is hope?

Is it the feeling that everything will be okay in the end?

Is it the feeling that your greatest wish will come true?

Does hope have a concrete definition?

Or is it to remain an abstract concept for all eternity?

Can one man bear the burden of the world?

Can we hope that he can save us?

Is hope something so powerful

That it can tear down unseen barriers?

Can it lift up the fallen?

Is hope a dual-edged sword?

Can hope make rational men

Do irrational things?

Can it tear brothers apart,

Or cause the destruction of a race?

In the end, is investing in hope worth it?
Is it profitable to hope,
Or is it yet another futile investment?
Is one able to gain in hope,
Or will one always lose?
Is the end result of hoping failure?

Hope.
Whether it is concrete or abstract
Whether it is profitable or profitless
Whether it is good or evil
We continue to have it.



Art

Nima Tahmassebi

Man's inspiration
What we use to fill our creative needs.
Created by one single being,
Inspiring countless others.
The world around us,
The images we capture,
The melodious sounds we hear.
Our imagination...
It can be a skill learned,
It can be a talent,
It is how it's applied that matters.
Not often to be taken literally
For deeper meanings lie within.
It inspires -
The filler of our creative void
Art.



Kite

Myles Karp

The boy is hesitant to fly his kite.

He's watched countless others
Hoist toys in the air and guide them,
Carefree, nonchalant,
But the boy is different;
He is afraid.

The kite is an extension of his body:
When he moves, it moves,
Where he moves, it moves,
Like a shadow cast upward to the sky.

So when it hangs in the sky, twenty feet above,
So does he.
If the wind suddenly ceased,
He would plummet to the ground,
Subject to Earth's cruel gravity.

And if the string suddenly slips from his moist
hands,
Or if the string, the kite's lifeline, is torn,
And the kite flies away
To that elusive place where discarded balloons and
kites all go,
He would lose a part of himself.

Rejuvenation

Elana Schulman

Like wind sweeping across an open plain
Like a fire growing dimmer and losing its flame
Like a rain-soaked puddle in a desolate place
Like coarse earth no longer chaste

The emptiness inside grows cold once more.
And feelings rekindle to be smothered once more.
And love turns to hatred and contempt once more.
All because of mistrust once more.

But then the wind stops howling and the clouds
disappear
And the fire grows brighter, taking with it fear.
The water subsides and becomes refreshing again
And the earth fills the world from friend to friend.

Freedom comes once more.
Happiness appears once more.
Love rekindles once more.
Life goes on once more.

A Cause to Kill

George Wayne

Kill!

Yells a demagogue;
The people grab their guns.

A stir of emotions
Blinds their senses,
Blinds their morals.

The demagogue speaks of a cause,
But can this cause drive one to kill?

It does and has;
In every war that man has seen,
The soldier has been told
"Kill for your country!"
"Kill for your cause!"

Has this cause been achieved?
When the stock is up against the shoulder,
The trigger pulled,
The enemy shot,
Lying cold and dead?

Has one killed for a cause?
Some bombastic speaker's promise of better days?
Or has another fallen prey
To another demagogue's way with words?

I think it is not a cause
For that "cause" is built on empty pillars
Built by some elegant speaker
Who has pulled the strings of his puppets
And let them hang like discarded toys.

Les Opposúx: Le Manque de Similitude

[French translation]

Quelle est la vie? L'
Absence de la mort.
Quelle est alors la mort, mais l'
Absence de la vie?
Quel est bonheur? Un
Manque de tristesse?
Quelle est tristesse, si pas un
Manque de bonheur?

Quel est éclat? L'
Absence de l'obscurité.
Quelle est alors obscurité, mais l'
Absence de l'éclat?
Quel est amor? Un
Manque de haine?
Quelle est haine, si pas un
Manque d'amor?

Opposites: The Lack of Similarity

Alex Edelsburg

What is life? The
Absence of death
What then is death, but the
Absence of life?
What is happiness? A
Lack of sadness?
What is sadness, if not a
Lack of happiness?

What is brightness? The
Absence of darkness
What then is darkness, but the
Absence of brightness?
What is love? A
Lack of hate?
What is hate, if not a
lack of love?

Beauty

Megan Sichler

Spring.

The seed falls to the ground.

Sprouting capillary roots into the soft earth,

Drawing nutrients from its surroundings,

Its first buds stretching to the sky,

Feeling the warm rays for the first time.

Summer.

Its leaves curve up towards the coming rain,

Drinking the cold moisture with all its energy.

The heat returns.

Its arms slowly dip towards the dirt,

Trying to hold itself up.

Autumn.

Its stem extends farther and farther into the air,

Its petals unwrapping to soak up the sun.

Passing the days evenly and happily,

The routine of the weather,

The prime of its life.

Winter.

The root hits stiff soil,

The moisture dissolves,

The warmth retreats,

Its petals begin to droop and wrinkle.

It withers to the cold earth, grateful for its brilliant existence.

No Second Chance

Michael Shiekman

Life

Taken out of your grasp in a few short moments

Its fate is out of your hands, and into another's

Gone are the days of ordinary life

With each passing moment you are reminded of
what you lost

Wondering what has become of it

Its fate is out of your hands, and into another's

Neither control nor power is in your possession

Only the desire to receive what is truly yours

Death may be at the end of the road

Only the limits you set will dictate where you finish

Making decisions with choices that have no known
endings

Probability is small

Odds are conflicting

Succeed, and earn a life with survival for another
day

Fail, and you enter a state of never-ending sleep

Only one shot

No second chance.

Welcome Home

Jackie Tate

Welcome home, Soldier;
We have been wishing you would leave that
dreadful place.
To finally have you back again,
Is more than we can ask.

Welcome home, Brother;
You've represented your country well.
We appreciate all that you have done,
And all that you have risked with your courage.

Welcome home, Daughter;
We thought about you every day.
We prayed each morning, afternoon, and night,
To see your beautiful face again.

Welcome home, Father;
Your children need you in their lives.
Come back to the family that you fought for
And never leave us again.

Welcome home, Soldier;
These last years have been unbearable.
But you are finally back here safe
And let's hope that you never have to leave again.

Revenge

Hallie Udelson

Sweet revenge, a powerful drive
To pursue the thirst for getting even
Is a very colorful journey –
It is the rainbow of revenge.

The green of envy and the struggle for money
Darkest black of hatred, its ugliest color.
Red of anger and devilish deception
Yellow of passion, the drive of retaliation.

The triumph of revenge
The rainbow's end.
The golden chest
Success.

The Bald Eagle

Peter Nenov

A pine tree stands tall in the morning mist;
He perches on the top,
Ruffling his brown-gold wings,
Bathing in the rays of the early dawn.

A sway,
The sound of a steel monster grinding its teeth.
A tremor
The predator's talons letting go of nature's
skyscraper.
Gliding away from the toppling giant.

Its stark white head
And curved yellow beak
Emit a powerful shriek
The nation's spirit sentenced to death
By its people.

I AM

Daniela Abratt

I AM a girl with a heart full of song and a soul full of rhythm.

I wonder why I chose this song.

I hear the whispers of the audience as they await my entrance.

I see nothing from the stage, the lights blinding my eyes.

I want this to be the best performance of my life.

I AM a girl with a heart full of song and a soul full of rhythm.

I pretend I'm not nervous.

I feel the hot lights beating down on me.

I regret that I didn't warm up before the show.

I worry about how my audience will react.

I cry when I think of this song.

I AM a girl with a heart full of song and a soul full of rhythm.

I understand that I should not care about what other people think.

I say, now, that I'm not afraid.

I dream to touch the hearts, minds, and souls of every person in the room.

I try to sing with every ounce of passion I have.

I hope someday to love like the person in my song.

I AM a girl with a heart full of song and a soul full of rhythm.

Remembering Papa

Skyler Shatkin

The weeds of your garden
Relentless in their defiance of evisceration.

The roses, so noble in their will to survive,
Relegated to one miniscule patch.
Their sweet aroma muted by such ungracious
guests.

Still they transcended the infestation,
Only to succumb, at last,
To the remedy
Intended to restore a fleeting moment in the sun.

Pungent memories are all that remains
Of your glory and resplendence.



Infatuation

Carl Blumenfeld

I killed for it.

I lied for it.

I deceived for it.

Nothing meant more to me in the world.

I deceived those closest to me for my one true love.

I feel it coursing through my body and soul.

I live it.

It is my obsession, my infatuation.



Life's Road

Jessica Borushok

If life is an unchosen road,
How can it be predetermined?

If it's a preplanned journey,
How can our actions choose our path?

Are we Fated? Already mapped out?
Or do we walk a dark, clouded path, uncertain and
undefined?

Our mistakes can determine our next direction,
But was it known we'd make those mistakes?
Does fate open our eyes?
Or does free will close them?

Are we destined to succumb to our pre-chosen
lives?
Do we strive to live freely, blinded to our path
Until its uncertain end?
Do we just not know?
Or do we just not care?

Because it doesn't matter how the road's paved
Or the journey's woven –
Just as long as we're living it out.

Industrialization

Carly Cowan

Where have all of the open fields gone?
Where are all the blooming spring flowers and the
dewdrop grass?
Where have all of the forests gone?
Where are all the chirping birds and majestic trees?

The green open fields have been replaced by
steaming factories,
Where workers slave over millions of replicas.
What used to be created with care and delicacy by
human hands
Is now made in bulk by heartless machinery.

Animals are denied the right to live
As humans transform their homes into malls and
factories
Only to benefit the consumer
Because nothing else seems to matter.

Old and fragile willow trees once cast shadows
Created by sunsets of orange and gold,
Only to be replaced
By the solemn blacks and grays of the modern
skyline.

What air will humans have left to breathe
As the factories continually puff out poison?
What life will there be left to live
With the extinction of all that was naturally
beautiful?



Suspense

Michaela Gaffley

Suspense keeps one lingering,
Wanting, hoping, and praying.

Life is full of suspense:
Waiting to grow up, to fall in love,
To do something great.
And all the while, suspense creates an
Atmosphere in which the senses tingle.

When watching a movie,
People sit at the edges of their seats,
Grip a pillow and wait.
The anxiety heightens and
Vicariously the suspense is shared.

But suspense in daily lives is more gut-wrenching.
It's good and bad.
Waiting, breath by breath,
For the miracle called life to unfold.

One Simple Word

Gillian Mayersohn

Only so much I could do,
And I did the best I could.
There is no rhyme or reason.
It is out of my control.
I just need to wait for one simple word.

I count the days until I hear;
However, waiting seems to be the worst part.
I congratulate or console those who know,
Yet I envy them.
They have heard the one simple word.

Hundreds to choose from,
And more than one I love.
Life is what I make of it,
So I will have an amazing experience anywhere.
I cannot decide until I hear that one simple word.

Thousands of emotions rush through my mind:
Anticipation, anxiety, nervousness.
Who knows what the outcome will be.
Everything happens for a reason.
The next four years to be determined
By one simple word.

A Dream I Had a Very Long Time Ago

Ross Karp

Walking perplexed through the backyard
I remembered that they had gone
Down that hole
Over there.

The round stone over the opening
Was tan, and had two metal handles.
In the stone was the carved the word
BYDDAN.

I looked it up.
It means
(in Welsh)
They Will Be.

Love

Mitchell Drew

Is it a force that causes men
To be struck dumb with just one glance?
It is a feeling? I don't know.
Perhaps it is, but maybe not.

Is it a desperate mental cling
To someone who seems genial,
No more than something used to keep
The sense of loneliness away?

What reason do we have to want
That feeling which has caused such pain,
The force that magnetizes two
While tearing many more apart?

Who knows what that word truly means?
Is it just that: a simple word?
Could it be something powerful,
An energy within us all?

Who am I to say?

Illusions

Ali Sherberg

Watched from your audience, you're beautiful
Poised, happy, always pulling your weight
I want to know you.

Watched from your door, you're a mystery
Distracted, negative, always getting into trouble
I want to know you.

Watched from your mirror, you're pathetic
Struggling, hopeless, always crying yourself to
sleep
If they only knew.



Survival

Annie Gordon

In this world infected
With violence, treachery, fear,
Humans and animals alike
Turn their thoughts to survival;
Their bodies to instinct.
It's survival of the fittest.

Two men, enemies, standing face to face
Each wants his life,
Survival on their minds,
Instinct in their brains,
Behind their backs a gun, a knife.
It's kill or be killed.

A predator stalks its prey,
Innocent in its nest
Survival shows the way.
Instinct does the rest.
It's eat or be eaten.

A child lost at sea,
In the midst of a hurricane.
A man wandering the desert,
The sun burning him alive.
A woman alone in her house,
Tornadoes whipping the air.
A family trapped in a building,
Fire roaring all around.
The elements force them to see
That survival is the key.

It's survival of the fittest.

My Driving Force

Jackie Einstein

My self-motivation
Lies far beyond what many might think.
My motivation has become what it is today
Because of inspiration.
My will to go on in every aspect of life
Is attributed to her.

As I listen from across the table, I question whether
I should close my ears to the atrocities
She wishes to share with me.
I must admit I still can't handle the whole truth.

Genocide sounds harsh enough
But when the word eleven is utilized
To describe the losses within her own family
It seems impossible to turn away.
Was Darwin's theory correct? Survival of the
fittest?
I begin to question the numbers:
SIX MILLION PEOPLE
SIX MILLION OF HER PEOPLE
SIX MILLION OF MY PEOPLE
And yet she survived
And did what she had promised.

She shares
Makes me share
Loves
Makes me realize the importance of love
The one thing she never has to teach me –
The one thing that we both agree upon – unspoken:
I always have to work to my potential

She did everything she could to survive and have a family
Something impossible for six million others.
So I attribute my work and success in and beyond school to her.

Because she never had
Any of the opportunities I am being given
And because my success
Allows her a moment to remember that **she**
survived.

This moment of exhilaration gives her hope and me triumph.
Seeing a smile on her face when she hears one of my successes makes me feel that WE WON!

Her message: I must never forget
And the drive to succeed and survive will stay with me always
Because I am aware that without her survival
I would not be here today.
My drive continues as I seek perfection
And success to share
And once again seek the smile
That brings us both such joy!

Accelerando

Jamie Goldstein

Silence

We are focused, staring straight ahead,
Glancing over the black characters on the paper,
Symbols which will soon be turned into feelings

Waiting

We look for the indication to commence
Anticipating the outcome of our hard work and
practice,
Practice which will soon be turned into an
unforgettable performance

Watching

We see the signal as his hands fly through the air
Knowing that it is time to begin
Time to give one composer's story life and meaning

The silence is disrupted

We are no longer waiting
Watching the conductor for the cue –
We begin to make music.



Journey

Kyle Moyant

Travel to new dimensions,
Leave home and see new people.
Taste new foods and smell new aromas.
Listen to the wonderful sounds that surround you.
Immerse yourself in different cultures;
Become a new person.

Venture to faraway lands,
And be far from home.
Meet new people,
And learn to communicate.
The language of the world will aid you.
Then come home with newfound discoveries.

Fly to the jungle.
Live with indigenous peoples
And adapt to a new lifestyle.
Engross yourself in their culture.
Learn from their primitive ways of living.
Learn the natural cure for stress.

Fly to a metropolis
And adapt to the urban world.
Life is fast paced,
Do not fall behind.
Learn of new technology,
Bring new ideas back home.

Venture around the world.
Record what you have seen,
Share ideas and technology.
Shed the apparent signs of being a visitor.
Wish that you could stay there forever,
But always journey back to the familiarity of home.



Primavera

Ross Karp

Enjambres de libélulas proclaman:
- El mundo entero será especia!
Pistas de fuertes colores inflaman
La nariz, abierta por aire de ajo.

Unos vientos de albahaca mojado
Muelen la tierra, dejando pimienta
Grís. En llanos de sal cristalizado
Se disvuelen todas las aguas del mar.

Teñidos de rojo por goterones
De azafrán, las casitas polvorientes
Tienen particiones de pimentones
Y ventanas de azúcar delicada.

Hojas se derriten, incandescente –
Miel vibrando con alborozo de oro.
Aulas de perejil va vagamente
A través de nubes y canela fina.

¡Luz gustosa! Mis manos se convierten,
Ramas intrincadas de menta verde
Que saltan, crecen, avanzan, y vierten –
Y anhelan el sol de la primavera.

Spring

[English translation]

Swarms of dragonflies proclaim:

- The entire world will be spice!

Trails of strong color enflame

The nose, open for garlic air.

Winds of wet basil

Grind the earth, leaving grey

Pepper. All the waters of the sea

Dissolve into plains of crystallized salt.

Dyed red by raindrops

Of saffron, the dusty little houses

Have walls of paprika

And windows of delicate sugar.

Leaves melt, incandescent –

Honey vibrating with golden joy.

Parsley wings vaguely go

Across clouds and fine cinnamon.

Delicious light! My hands transform,

Intricate branches of green mint

That jump, growl, advance, and spill –

And yearn for the spring sun.

Feminism

Amie Baumwell

Women cannot be underestimated!
With unwavering strength
And ability
Women can handle anything
That comes their way.
Naturally intelligent
And far more able than men,
Women can raise children
While maintaining fulfilling careers.
Doctors, nurses, and accomplished writers
All careers within reach to both women *and* men.
Women deserve to be treated equally,
And to be given the same opportunities as men,
If not more.
Men need women
But women do not need men;
To live their lives
They need only themselves.
So often misread and misunderstood
And thought to be less competent than men,
Women are more talented
And definitely more patient
Than men will ever be.
Because deep inside
They know themselves to be
Self-sufficient and beautiful.
Women stand strong
And can do anything in the world
They wish to do.
Because we are women!
And women certainly do not need men
To define who they are.

Perseverance

Jamie Fertig

Just one more step
One more swing
One more pitch

Don't give up
Don't quit
Never say never

Just two more miles
Two more games
Two more recitals

Persevere
Persistence is everything
Never stop trying

Just twelve more dances
Three hundred more dollars
One more year.

Judaism

Andrea Vayda

An ignorant red swastika
Reflecting through my eyes
Reminding me of my culture
And of the hateful people who despise it.

Being born, raised, and dying Jewish
An honor
Truly.

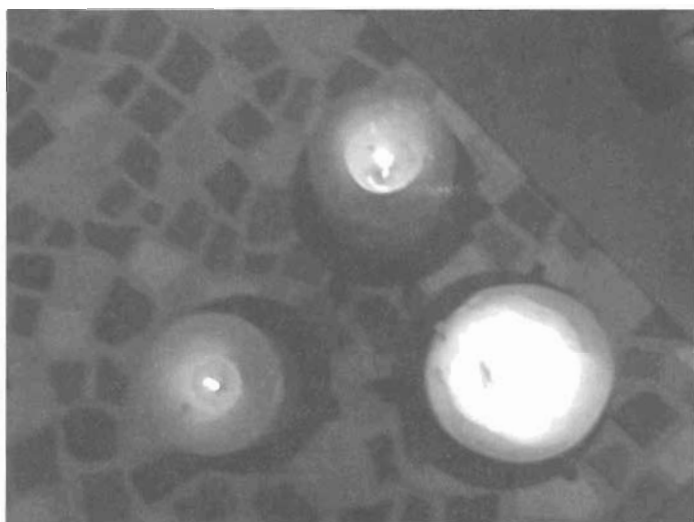
My culture is alive.
It is loving,
Eating,
Marrying,
Surviving.

Every day comes with the bright smile
Of a newborn baby
Who will continue this culture
Through his descendants
Nobody can steal his identity.

This is tradition
A rabbi
A kosher meal
A bar mitzvah.

Judaism revolves around family
Through which tradition
Joy
And life
Are passed.

I am Judaism
A star of David
A temple
A Shabbat celebration
Nobody can steal my identity.



Reminders

Michelle Kravit

His girlfriend just broke up with him
He thinks he wants to die
It will pass
In the meantime
I'll be there

My grandfather just passed away
I feel that I've lost so much
I'll realize everything will be fine
In the meantime
He'll be there

He just found out about the scholarship
He'll be far away while I'm nearby
It won't change anything.
I can't see it yet,
So he reminds me.

I just got a new boyfriend
He thinks it means less time for us
Of course it doesn't
He can't see that yet
So I remind him.

We will live in different states
Nothing will change how we feel for each other
Nothing could
We don't realize that at first.
So we remind each other.

Insanity

Kristen Pestrichelli

Logic is overrated for you now
You're too caught up in the cause
But the cause was lost, along with the lives you
destroyed
Just to prove yourself
Your plan is flawed, for now people are so caught up
in fear
That they don't notice your intentions, only your poor
administration
And they don't care that you really meant well –
Welcome to the revolution.

It's been building up for years
Poisoning you from within
After all, you're an honorable person
With a sense of right and wrong
Who just took things too far.

And now you're willing to do anything it takes to
make us listen
While all we're doing is trying to figure you out
And what you're going to do next
For you've gotten carried away in the midst of your
delirium
And there's no turning back now
Welcome to the revolution!

On the Periphery

Nicole Bell

I'm on the outside looking in,
A mere spectator.
Like watching life through a television screen,
I am on the periphery.

Not cool or rich or popular,
Not welcome in the crowd,
Just watching from the corner,
Observing from the periphery.

I know all about them.
I watch their every move,
But they don't even know me
Because I am on the periphery.

I want all of them to notice,
I want all of them to care.
I want to make new friends,
To move away from the periphery.

Then I suddenly realize,
Being "cool" is in the eye of the beholder.
Just because my friends are not popular,
Does not place me on the periphery.

But if that's what they call it,
When you're not expected to impress others,
When you're not expected to dress the best,
Then I guess I *am* on the periphery.

I don't have to put on a show
To get people to like me.
So I guess life's not so bad
On the periphery.



Moral Dilemmas

Rachel Smalheiser

Should one life be sacrificed for another?
Whose life is more precious?
Who makes the decisions?
Moral dilemmas.

Put up a fight.
Take control.
Do what's right.
Moral dilemmas.

What's right for me may not be right for you.
Should one suffer to benefit another?
It's an obligation, not an aspiration.
Moral dilemmas.

Science versus ethics.
The body is a shrine
Bred for spare organs.
Moral dilemmas.

The family is in pain.
So many issues.
Doctor's suggestions.
Moral dilemmas.

Noble giving ends suffering?
Generosity invokes guilt.
Selfishness brings on remorse.
Moral dilemmas.

Love is a battlefield.
Neither boundaries nor rules
Make decisions from the heart.
Moral dilemmas.

Camaraderie

Max Stewart

Every step
Every move
Every breath
Made as one

The door is open
As we enter
I don't have to see them
To know they're beside me

The room is still
The hand of God is here
But He will not touch me
For they will not let Him

Times stands in place
Life or death in a second
But they are safe
For I will protect them

They watch my back
I watch theirs
A friendship born in violence
A kinship forged in survival

It is over
God has taken
Those he must
But we remain

There is a bond
That can't be broken
As long as we stand
Together

The Importance of Honesty

Samantha La Rocco

When questions penetrate painful memories
Or open wounds too fresh,
We obscure reality,
Cloak it in convenient lies.

An innocent child,
Yearning for knowledge,
Cheerfully questions her mother,
Ignorant of the discomfort,
The awkwardness,
The unhappy reaction
The answer will bring.

Mother, taken off guard, falters.
But she cannot afford to stumble.
She smiles, grabs her daughter's hand,
And weaves a beautiful, flawless reply,
A fairy tale, full of charm and appeal.

The fantasy dies years later,
When the girl faces harsh, unsympathetic reality,
Because of an answer,
However simple,
Too terrible to give.

A charismatic leader,
Intoxicated with power,
Controls his people
With a reassuring smile,
A friendly wave,
Promises of impossible prosperity.

The illusion fades,
The disenchanted masses rise in protest,
Eyes narrow with skepticism,
One man's charm leads to everyone else's chaos.

Like fog blocking the sun's warm rays,
Clouds concealing a starry sky
Reality and truth can hide
But they never disappear.



The Birth

Jordana Contrucci

A seed,
A tiny birth,
A beginning,
A journey where emotions will be
Tested and embraced.
Growth is inevitable
And life progresses without hesitation.
This life, this pursuit of love
Fills our souls to the brim.
This overflowing emotion
Transcends the boundaries of family,
Friends, new-found love,
The couples of this world who imitate
The formation of all the rest.
This love,
This true love has powers,
Powers which supersede all in this world.
It can renew the old,
And can create an everlasting effect,
Preserving the essence of all.
Where can you find this love?
Can you find it anywhere?
Or does it matter where your birth took place?
Where you,
The seed, were planted?
This is the question.
This is what plagues our minds.
This is what drives us.

Prejudice

Hallie Udelson

We're all victims
Of some prejudice.
But we are also the instigators
Of the contagious disease.

It's a perpetual hatred
Pursued by you and me.
This continuous chain
Projects false, undeserved images
On those who cannot defend themselves.

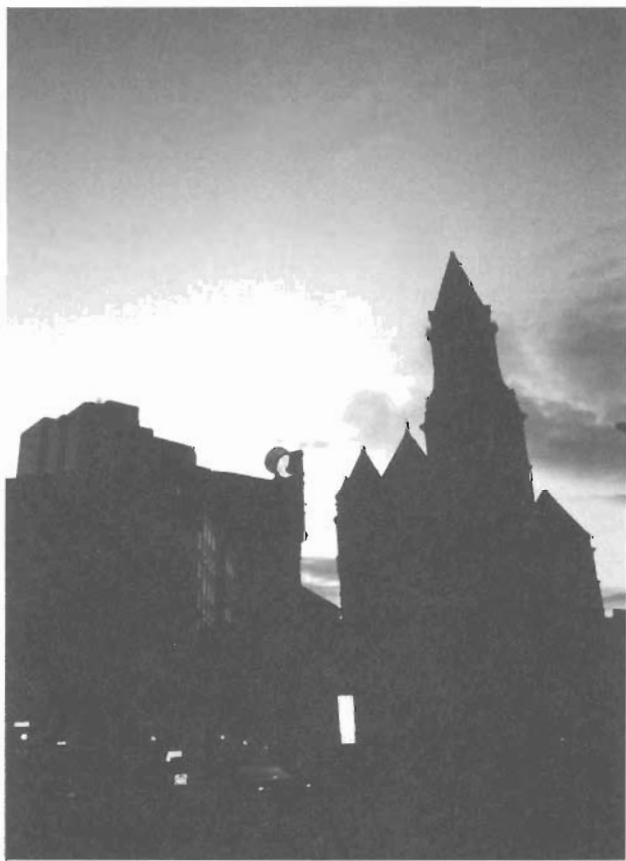
When you want it to stop
Start the obliteration of stereotypes
With the ones you yourself perpetuate.

So don't look to your neighbor
As the one deserving of the blame
Because it's you and I;
Both the victims and the perpetrators
Of this heinous crime we call prejudice.

Symmetry

Andrew Perez

Every religion pits good against evil
And the battle rages on
It will never end
Good and evil are polar opposites
As are Heaven and Hell
The ideas create a balance
Just as yin and yang do
The world is full of perfect symmetry



Regret

Brittnie Baker

Regret.

The road not traveled,
A million other paths not taken.
What could have been,
A choice not made
Eats away at your heart.

An entire life has passed by
Filled with love and memories
But one memory haunts you,
Eats away at your heart.

One memory so distant:
Untouched, unnoticed,
Until the trigger is pulled.

Passion unleashed.
Uncontrollable.
Striving to know what could have been.
If only that one memory were not in the past,
If only it were now,
The present.

The Day They Finally Came

Eduardo Hariton

They knew about it,
But they pretended not to.
They seemed to be fooled by the Germans,
But they knew exactly what was going on

Rumors said they were approaching,
But they took so long I believed the gossip no more.
The nervous officers confirmed the gossip,
But their words were not trustworthy anymore.

The Germans were dismantling everything,
And the chambers stopped producing smoke.
They tried to destroy our memories, too,
But what they did to us could never be forgotten.

In October, when the cold became unbearable,
They began to move us west.
The Red Army was approaching,
And they did not want us to be saved.

I was weak and feeble,
So they left me behind,
They condemned me to the chamber,
But there was not enough time

My father and older brother left
Running in the cold with rifles to their heads.
I don't know what happened to them,
But they never came back.

It was a cold morning,
Just like any other morning in January.
I was ready to die,
Just like any other morning in January.

The alarm sounded,
The Germans had fled.
The Red Army stormed in.
We were finally "free."
That was the day they finally came to Auschwitz.

Masks

Kelsey Miller-Alfero

On the wall hangs an African tribal mask
Beautiful yet terrifying at the same time.
I wonder how anyone watching a performance
Including such a prop
Would take it seriously
Believe it to be real
Get sucked into the life of the tiger
That this disguise represents.

But then I look to the scene
On the floor behind the mask
My father yelling
Calling out hideous names
As gruesome as the carcass of that tiger's last meal.
But my mother simply smiles
And walks away.

I ask her how she feels
But she lies so I won't worry
Yet she smiles in such a comforting manner
That I can't help believing she really isn't upset
I am sucked into this masquerade.

One night
I creep silently on all fours
To the door of her bedroom
And listen.
I don't hear the gentle snoring of a woman at peace
Rather, I hear whimpers
And an occasional sob

I realize that I have been duped
As foolish as the audience of the tiger performance
But I have performed the inexcusable
Act of sneaking backstage
I have seen the actress
Without her mask.



The Meaning of Life

Lauren Rothenberg

Sacrifice.

A mother's death for the life of her child,
A gallant soldier on the gruesome battlefield;
A man risking his health to support a family,
Life.

Forgiveness.

God relieving tormented souls,
A merchant excusing a poverty-stricken thief;
A man to the woman that broke his heart,
Life.

Acceptance.

Opening oneself to a new religion,
Understanding another's different way of life;
Recognizing the irritating characteristics of a friend,
Life.

Love.

The affection of a patriot for his country,
The irresistibility between two predestined
soulmates;
A young mother's attachment to her unborn child,
Life.

Meaning.

A small fish's place in the continuous food chain,
A garbage collector's job in the community;
The way one person's life affects the future of
others,
Life.

Fate

Chazz Chitwood

What is this force that controls our lives?
Emotionless
Tireless
Ever working and scheming.
It waits with its own will and desire,
Which none know.
None know, except one.
This one, motivated by its power,
Set off to fulfill his duty.
It, being unjust and unfair,
Made his only reward reaching for his goal
The goal itself,
To please it.
To nurture its child,
Protect its kin,
Hide them from the world.
That was his duty.
He was its puppet,
He was its tool,
He was its device.
Oddly enough he was at peace.
He accepted his place.
He had accepted its power long before.
It gave him strength,
Purpose
Meaning.
It made him,
What he is,
What he was,
And what he would be.

The Natural Progression of Miracles

Jordan Wender

Impossible.

A burning bush speaking

Inexplicable words of wisdom.

An entire sea parted,

Allowing your people to cross safely

To freedom.

A baby born to a virgin mother

As pure as the wind.

The Messiah returns,

World peace and eternal salvation at his side,

Like a soldier home from an endless war abroad.

Miracles.

Improbable.

A loving union of man and woman

Results in the life of a human being.

A mortal cyclist recovers from cancer –

The virus eating away at his body

Like a demonic parasite –

To win an unprecedented seven Tours.

Men and women,

Faces wan with dust, smoke, and death,

Rise from the rubble of the towers

Like ghosts rising from their graves.

Miracles.

Mundane.

The confounding nature of the universe
Explained by mere variables in an equation,
As trivial as “spit in the ocean.”
Lethal epidemics which maliciously
Tore families apart like a paper shredder
Are cured today with vaccinations and flavored
sera.

Scientists not only produce human lives
In laboratory Petri dishes
They can also, like fortune tellers,
Determine the future of an unborn fetus
As if reading a timeline in the back of a book.
Miracles.

Death

Bradley Freed

Dwindling down deep dark steps,
Desolate doors take me to my end,
An end unknown,
Fearsome and unforgiving.

I fight the final hour that will inevitably occur,
Unjust and untimely, but I have no say.
This form of finality goes against my will,
And abides by another's.
My life goes unfinished!

Taken away and defeated,
I feel the agony of inferiority.
I have no say! I had no say!
My fate is unfair, for my life dwindles away.



Guidance

Jillian Goldstein

Nothing is ever accomplished without guidance
When one does not know the way,
Others can lead towards the right path.
Look to others for direction.

No one can succeed without assistance
When one does not understand,
Look to others for answers.
Others can show true meaning.

The support of peers is needed to achieve
In times of doubt and uncertainty,
Others can bring assurance of righteousness.
Look to others for encouragement.

With guidance, assistance, and support,
One can fulfill his dreams,
One can acquire greatness,
One can find success.

Emptiness

Lindsey Marmorstein

My mind empty and my heart lacking,
All that keeps me satisfied
Is gone and I am searching,
Searching for a better place,
A new hope that may guide me
In the right direction.

Looking across the street, I see
People walking with a mission,
A purpose in life to be fulfilled.
Without a cause, I walk alone.
On the road on which I travel,
I view my shadow, empty and hollow
As I am within.

This emptiness engulfing my heart
Makes it harder for me
To find what I desire.
I realize that all I have
Is what is inside me and
I must look deep into
My soul for the answer.

Night after night,
Nothing has changed and
I can blame only myself.
Nothing can fill my empty heart,
My empty soul, my empty life.

The dream has come,
A glimmering light has appeared,
Filled with ephemeral hope.
For a moment I feel whole again,
My search may have finally come to an end.
But then I awake,
Emptiness again.



Le Courriel

Period 5 AP French Class

Les vêtements que quelqu'un a portés
Les choix que quelqu'un a eus
Le genre que quelqu'un a pu distinguer
L'éruption que quelqu'un n'a pas eue
La vie que quelqu'un a vécue
Le courriel que quelqu'un a lu
Le magasin Debbie où quelqu'un est allée
Le genre que quelqu'un a perdu
Le pantalon que quelqu'un n'a pas aimé
Le rêve que quelqu'un a tué

The Email

The clothes that someone wore
The choices that someone had
The gender that someone could distinguish
The rash that someone did not have
The life that someone lived
The email that someone read
The Debbie's Store where someone went
The gender that someone lost
The pants that someone didn't like
The dream that someone killed

Reach for the Stars

Michael Dornbusch

The nature of human beings:
We aspire,
Setting unattainable goals;
We yearn.

Trying to no avail,
We attempt.
Not realizing our own futility,
We fail.

Is there a point in reaching so far,
With such a short grasp?
Reach for the stars!
Reach into nothingness.



Secrets

Samantha Lang

Shh...whisper.

How come everyone knows, but me?

I enter the still room, and everything stops: silence.

Those peculiar glances tell me –

But what do they say?

Shh...whisper

Long cold stares

What am I supposed to think?

All I see is your moving lips

If only I could interpret you

I feel alone.

Shh...whisper

I asked my father what was happening

A look of fear

A trembling lip, trying to be discreet

Attempting to be brave

His mysterious look didn't fool me

For some reason, something was concealed.

Shh...whisper

A trip to the grocery shop

Housewives discuss their children and husbands

Problems fester at home.

A friend of her husband walks by;

Voices are lower, softer, a murmur

Shh...keep your mouth shut

Don't reveal the secret.

Friendship

Adam Peck

How can friendship be defined?
Not only by what it is,
But also by what it does.
It is as concrete as a human body.

Friendship is a link
That binds people together
Allowing two to succeed
Where one may fail.

Friendship is a foundation
That gives people stability.
A platform to stand on
And reach new heights.

Friendship is a source
That gives people strength
The power to go on
When failure seems inevitable.

Friendship is a sanctuary.
A place to return
When everything fails
And there is no place to go.

But friendship is more.
It is whatever is needed
To take the farthest goal
And make it reality.

The One We Miss

Jaclyn Einstein

As I stand on a chair addressing 103 others, fully enthralled with the position of class president that I have been yearning for since I was a young girl, I look upon my fellow classmates and long for the one who is no longer with us. I look at each person's face and know how much he meant to them.

The thing that was so special about this individual is that he meant so much to all of us. Every time you would see him he would brighten up your day. How much he meant to me takes nothing away from how much he meant to those who spent most moments with his smiling face.

I see students living out their lives, pretending to go on as if everything is all right. I must admit I do it, too. But sometimes, just sometimes, I see someone sad being comforted by 103 other students. We all know that the one we miss would have been proud.

We have come together
We have helped each other
We have learned together
We have cried together.

We will graduate without him, though, and as 104 students in caps and gowns receive their diplomas, I know that the fact that the one we miss is not there with us will be on my mind. Every person is affected by death, but we have been affected by someone's life.

He taught us all how important it is to cherish every moment. His smile will be remembered forever, and his actions are what we miss. So, as it comes time to say goodbye to a chapter of my life, as I step down from the chair, I realize that I want to say goodbye to the one we all miss so much and tell him that his life has changed many and that his actions, even those he may have deemed insignificant at the time, will never be forgotten.



Tendril

Ross Karp

I am the fog.

I spread my damp sheet body out like a hotel maid.

I smother the trees.

I make mountains into Halloween ghosts.

The hairs of children laugh,

Floating atop my flesh white arms.

I stuff cotton balls down the throats of the squirrels
and drain their stomach acids with wringed dew.

I scratch, and dandruff falls from the itchy crown
of the clouds,

Little opiate nits languishing on the grass.

I roll over your romantic moors and glens,

And eat all your cabbage,

Leaving a shine trail like a sated slug.



Reality vs. Appearance

Vincent Napoli

A mist of lies enshrouds me
I shudder in the cold
Realization has come over me
The shadows taking hold.

Clouded with uncertainty
Unsure of what is true
Her words now all seem questionable
If only I had known.

And as the fog begins to lift
The spell begins to break
From this trance awakening,
A new path I shall take.

Secrets and Lies and Burdens, Oh My!

Sandy Liss

She'll never need to know.
She can live without the guilt,
without the pain.

I'm protecting her,
I'm protecting her from the horrible truth
from the shame,
from the tears.

I'm deceiving her.
I'm deceiving her for her own good,
for her safety,
for her comfort.

I'm lying to her.
How can I be lying to her?
Good people don't lie.

Why do I lie?
Why can't she know?
This is wrong.
No, this is right.
It's the way that it has to be.

This is my burden.
It's my responsibility.

It's my lie.
She can't ever know.

This my secret.
I cannot, I *will not* tell her.

My secret.
My lie.
My burden.

Divisive Destinies

Peter Jean-Francois

One is chosen to protect the people
Protect them from oppression,
Protect them from tyranny,
Protect them from corruption,
And protect them from evil

Chosen to return order in the world,
To bring wealth to the poor,
To bring peace to societies,
To bring prosperity to all people,
And to return the good in people's lives

Chosen against one's will
Pressured by friends
Pressured by family
Pressured by strangers
Time shaping destiny
Affecting decisions
And causing tension

Is it fate or free will?
Was it preordained?
Was it written in the stars?
Was it foretold by gods?
Or was this destiny determined
By the decisions one makes in life
By the choices one makes?

Can one control destiny?
Control one's life?
Overcome recurring obstacles?

Or
Should one accept fate?
Accept reality?
Accept that the task is impossible
And allow crimes to go unpunished
Without reaction or retribution?



Courage

Julie Buzgon

When you feel the task's impossible
And there's no place left to go,
Just push yourself and toughen up
Because you can achieve anything in the world.

Everybody has courage
Deep inside his heart,
But some can no longer feel it
Because they are frightened and alone.

A little courage is all you need
To get accomplish your duty,
And if you don't use it
You will certainly regret it
Because life without courage is too sheltered.

Take a chance
Take a risk
And you'll be happy that you did,
Because now you know you can do anything
And courage got you there.



Let Go

Sarah Moore

Waiting in limbo, the pain unbearable,
Seeming trapped in between.
Moving on means the end;
But going back is not an option.
Letting go –
Letting go cuts deep,
Deeper than any wound or hurt

Gray can be comforting compared to black and
white
But the gray is your limbo.
Accept,
Accept your gray, your limbo, your in between
Letting go will make them fade
The tribulations of acceptance will set you free
Acceptance will leave it all behind,
And provide a path
To beyond

